WORKINGMEN AND THE CHURCH

R. F. COYLE, D.D.

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In Memoriam
Dr. Richard J. Cotter

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WORKINGMEN AND THE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Cotter, D D

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE addresses in this little volume were delivered in Oakland, California, on Sunday evenings seven years ago to immense audiences of workingmen and others interested in the social movements of our times. They are now revised and given to a larger public with the hope that they may contribute something to a better understanding between the church and the laboring masses.

THE AUTHOR.

I.

YEAST—UNREST AMONG WORKINGMEN.

NOTHING is more in evidence to-day than the unrest of the masses. Our newspapers and magazines are continually calling our attention to it. The air is full of discontent. It prevails among artisans and farmers and laboring men from sea to sea. I know there is an optimism which would have us believe that things are going on quite smoothly; that everything is full of promise; that prevalent agitations and dissatisfactions are greatly overdrawn; and that there is no reason why existing conditions should disturb our peace of mind. But that kind of optimism comes from a conscience that is dead and a heart that cannot feel. It belies facts and throws itself stupidly and stubbornly athwart the path of progress and reform.

With struggles between employers and employed multiplying every year; with organization going on among workingmen as never be-

fore; with farmers combining until their various alliances have a membership of millions; with hundreds of thousands of employés involved in strikes within the last decade; with troops called out to suppress labor riots in several states recently; with tidings of outbreaks and growing discontent among laboring men in Europe, brought to us with nearly every morning paper—with all these things coming to our knowledge, it is folly, nay more, it is an easy-going, self-complacent kind of wickedness to say that there is no unrest worth speaking about. It is the duty of good men everywhere to see these facts and consider them and be profoundly concerned about them.

Sometimes, to minify these symptoms and make them seem as insignificant as possible, it is said that they are thrown to the surface by professional agitators, by imported anarchists, and by doctrinaire social economists, whose stock-in-trade is the complaints and ferment of the masses. Their bread and butter and the gratification of their ambitions, we are told, depend upon the discontent of the people. Muzzle these agitators, they say, and all would be peace. But to affirm or to imply that the great mass of workingmen are so ignorant or so pli-

able as to be profoundly stirred by a little handful of social reformers or revolutionists, is to bring against them a charge which I cannot for a moment endorse. Well has it been said that, "To hold a few leaders responsible for all this fever and tumult is like holding the pimples on the skin responsible for the poison in the blood, or the flying chimney-pots for the force of the gale." Back of all this unrest which is finding expression in so many ways we may be assured there is an adequate cause.

A few of the manifold constituents of this cause I shall now endeavor to point out.

First, there is the growing intelligence of the masses. These men of the hammer and the saw and the spade have learned to think. We live in an age when the sun of general information has risen so high that its beams no longer cling about the mountain-peaks of rank and nobility, but find their way down into the lowly valleys of plain, homely toil as well. Our public schools, our ubiquitous newspapers, and our best literature of all sorts have been educating the people, until to-day many a man at the bench or the anvil is able to think broadly and profoundly upon all great questions of social and industrial and religious life. Now,

thought is always a disturbing element in the best sense. It was awakening thought among the nobles and gentry and clergy of 400 years ago that caused the reformation, and it is awakening thought among the masses that is doing much to produce the unrest of the present time.

Let a man learn to think and his horizon enlarges. With an increase of intelligence comes an increase of wants. A man who is wholly ignorant lives in a very small world, and very little will satisfy him; but let him acquire the ability to read, let him become educated, and a little will not satisfy him. An illiterate negro is content with a watermelon, but an intelligent negro wants to go to Congress or get into some conspicuous position or other. And in this respect he is in nowise different from his white brother. The more a man knows the more he craves. If, as Dr. Strong says, the workingman has twice as much in his home to-day as his grandfather had, he knows ten times as much and therefore wants ten times as much. Broaden a man's horizon, enlarge his manhood, elevate his tastes, increase his desires, without at the same time giving him the ability to add to his

comforts, and you make him unhappy and discontented if not rebellious. This, in considerable part, I believe, accounts for the disturbed social conditions of the day.

Then there is the sharp contrast between poverty and wealth. The masses see it everywhere. It thrusts itself upon them at every turn. In the city of New York there are 1,103 millionaires with fortunes ranging from one to one hundred and fifty millions each, while three-fourths of the population of that city live in tenement houses. Of these tenements Jacob Riis tells us that there are 37,000, "and more than 1,200,000 persons call them home." The story of these tenements, as he tells it in his book entitled, "How the Other Half Lives," is black enough to send a chill even to the hardest heart. It would seem impossible for such things to be true in a civilized, much less in a Christian country. But they are true, and the condition of things in New York is duplicated in other large cities, and more than duplicated in London, the metropolis of the world, as every reader of Booth's "In Darkest England" knows. In these centers of population Dives and Lazarus, magnificence and misery, surfeit and starvation, stand over against each other

in constant contrast. It is only a step from the wretched quarters of the poor laborer in New York who cannot get a day's work to the palatial residence of the millionaire who builds a stable for his horses at a cost of $700,000. Is it any wonder that such a state of things produces bitterness and hatred and unrest?

With this sharp contrast before their eyes continually the workingmen have been very naturally forced to the conclusion that they do not begin to receive a just proportion of the product of their labor. Who will undertake to say that they do, when we are reliably informed that the annual average wage of the workingman in this country is less than $500 a year to pay for rent and fuel and food and clothing and lights and medicine and amusements and everything else? When the late Frances Willard tells us that in Chicago under the "sweating" system there are women forced to make twelve shirts for seventy-five cents and furnish their own thread, and others glad to work for a cent and a half an hour; that there are children in that city working twelve hours a day for a dollar a week; when the Rev. L. A. Banks reveals to us what he very justly calls the white slavery of Boston, women working

sixteen or seventeen hours a day in the "sweat shops" for sixty cents, some of them compelled to make cheap overcoats at four cents apiece and knee pants for boys at the rate of sixteen cents a dozen pairs—when such facts as these are brought to our attention it is not hard to convince ourselves that it is no sin for the working people to be dissatisfied. We must feel that they have good reason for complaint and discontent.

In the third place, not a little of the prevalent unrest of the masses is caused by Sunday work. This is an evil that is growing in the United States, and workingmen are crying out against it everywhere. They are protesting against it in their conventions, writing against it in their papers, and circulating petitions in many parts of the land to have it stopped; and because their efforts are allowed to pass unheeded their complaints and protests are becoming bitter. In some of the trades in our great cities Sunday work "is all but universal," and the men in these trades are required to do seven days' work for six days' pay. An editorial in a Chicago labor paper of 1888 says: "The question of closing the factories, workshops and stores on Sunday is fast coming to

the front as one of the important questions of the day. From thirty to forty thousand employes in Chicago alone are compelled to work for seven days each week. How shall their shackles be unloosed and the slaves set free? . . . Are the people by their apathy, their avarice and selfishness, willing to blight the prospects of the working classes of America by condemning them to a slavery that knows no day of rest?" How far Christian people are responsible for Sunday work I shall not undertake to say, but not a little of it, I fear, must be laid at their door.

In the fourth place, some of the prevalent unrest of the masses must be attributed to a frequent perversion of justice in favor of the rich. It is a well known fact that the friendless poor man is dealt with very summarily in our courts, while the man who has money can secure delay after delay. Washington Gladden puts it very pithily when he says: "The man who steals a ham from a freight car goes to jail; the man who steals the railroad goes to the United States Senate." A great corporation can violate city ordinances and State laws with comparative impunity, but if a poor man does it he is promptly punished. Says a writer

in *John Swinton's Paper* of New York: "When laboring men violate any law of the money power it is anarchy, and the lawbreakers are imprisoned or hanged. But when the money power violates all laws, both human and divine, there is neither penalty nor remedy."

Now so long as there is any color of truth in such words as these it is bound to produce a spirit of unrest and rebellion in the breasts of the poor.

In the fifth place much of the discontent of the day is caused by erroneous doctrines of labor. In some of the letters which I received from workingmen it is affirmed, or implied, that "All wealth is produced by labor." This, we are told, is the doctrine of Karl Marx, and it has filtered down into the minds of the people on two continents and is greatly disturbing the masses at the present time. Now, we must be just. I do not believe that labor is the producer of all wealth. Take the brain power that organizes labor and multiplies its capacity to produce, some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred fold—is not it a source of value and wealth? Take the brain power that invents and lays hold of the forces of nature and harnesses them to the chariot of commerce and

civilization—is not it a producer of wealth? Take trustworthiness, a purely moral quality, and has it not a distinct economic value? Two men in a shop may have the same amount of ability and intelligence and be equally industrious, but if one is more trustworthy than the other he is one who is chosen for a position of responsibility. The fact that he can be relied upon is an element of value, but it was not produced by labor.

Here, let us suppose, are half a dozen men. They work hard and faithfully, but they do not seem to get on. What they produce is not marketable. Nobody cares for it. But there comes along a seventh with superior intelligence and skill. He devises plans for a higher grade of work. He teaches and directs them, and the result is that what they produce now is worth twice as much as that which they produced before. People want it. It finds a ready market. Now, would it be just for the six to say that their labor was the cause of it all? Did not the skill of the seventh produce half of it, and if he should claim as his own a part of the increase caused by his intelligence would the six have any reasonable ground to find fault? I believe that every school teacher that

awakens noble ambitions in the minds of his pupils and sends them out into life with holy purposes; every author whose books make men and women better; every preacher of righteousness who stimulates his fellowmen to strive after honesty and purity and exalted character; every individual, high or low, that inculcates right principles of living; every mother that makes holy impressions on her child and hands him over to society strong and true—I believe that every one of these is helping directly to add to the world's wealth. When, therefore, labor claims to be the creator of it all it is going too far. It is making claims that will not bear the light. It is easy to see how this erroneous doctrine stirs up discontent and foments trouble among the masses, and for the sake of their own cause they cannot too soon eliminate it from their minds.

Then on the other side is the equally erroneous doctrine that labor is simply a commodity, thus putting it upon an equality with the lifeless articles of the store and shop. If labor is only a commodity, only something to buy and sell, a marketable thing like dry goods or groceries, or iron or wheat, then of course it may be subject to the fluctuations of trade and

be controlled by the principles of supply and demand. But labor is more than a commodity, it is more than a thing to be bought and sold. It is a commodity plus a man. It is inseparably linked to a human being and should therefore be dealt with according to that divine law which relates every man to his brother man. The laborer is first of all and last of all and above all a man, and it is because this fundamental fact is too often lost sight of that his cry of indignation gathers volume every year.

Having thus touched briefly upon some of the things which are causing the popular unrest of the day, let me now dwell for a moment or two upon the significance of it. What does it mean and whither does it point? It means radical changes in our social order. The masses to be reckoned with now are very different from the masses of the past. They read and think and philosophize, and intelligence can no more be kept down and hushed into uncomplaining acquiescence than the river can be kept from the sea. It must rise, as fire flames upward toward its source in the sun. It has the weapons of thought, of agitation, of education, and it is learning to wield them with power. It is moulding public opinion, it is

creating sentiment, and one of these days that sentiment will crystallize into deeds. To-day the masses rule. Numbers weigh as well as count. The people hold the future in their hands, and the people are rising. Politicians are beginning to listen to them with a great deal of respect. The rich, the well-to-do, the men and women of leisure are of course conservative. They are well enough satisfied with things as they are. They are in favor of letting well enough alone. "Hence it is," says Dr. Strong, "that new ideas, whether political or religious, generally gain currency first among the poor." And new ideas are working. The yeast of popular discontent is fermenting. What the outcome will be no one can foresee in detail, but that great social changes must soon appear, few, I think, will undertake to question.

This unrest means progress. It means better things to come. Out of this disturbed social atmosphere there will emerge a clearer sky. It is when some angel troubles the waters that they become curative and bring healing to the people. There is nothing so much to be feared as stagnation. It is the breeding place of death. But when old shells begin to burst, and

old theories begin to explode, and old institutions begin to crack, it means the swelling of life; and the advent of new life always means pain. See how it rends the earth to make room for its expanding roots and splits the bud and throws off the last year's leaf. No springtime can ever come to society, or to the church, or to the individual without a ruthless breaking up and overturning of old arrangements. Agitation is the sign of life, and where life is there is always hope.

This unrest means the coming of Christ. The Lord Jesus is struggling into his world, and consequently things are being shaken. He never can enter anywhere without causing a commotion. When he came away yonder in the early centuries there was trouble. Kings trembled on their thrones, little innocents were massacred, wails of anguish went up over the hills of Judah, and all Jerusalem was wild with excitement. When he came in the days of the reformation there was trouble. And this I verily believe is the meaning of the unrest today.

Christ is coming, not in any literal and material sense, but in the spread of his truth. His spirit is getting into the people and inspiring

them with a mighty hope. He is moving them to seek for remedies for social ills causing them to think with their eyes toward the morning. Through this organization and that, through speech and press, they are unconsciously but none the less really in quest of Christ; and while they are feeling after him, stumbling along toward the light, he is finding them. The influences of the gospel are spreading. The principles of the cross are working. Christ's kingdom is coming. The age is travailing in pain with the birth of a new era. But let us remember that no social Olivet can ever be reached but by the way of Calvary.

And not only is Christ coming in this way, by the infusion of his spirit and by the growth of his principles, but let me say in conclusion to every man among you that it is your privilege to have him come to you personally, as a friend, a brother, a saviour. He sees you from the mountain heights. He knows that the winds are contrary, and that you are toiling in rowing in the fourth watch of the night, but the fourth watch is just on the edge of day-break. He is coming over the billows. Listen, and you will hear his voice breaking through the storm, "Be of good cheer." Let working-

men everywhere give him room on the ship. Let the hand that rules the storm be on the wheel, and the voyage will end in triumph. There will be a great calm.

II.

WORKINGMEN AND THE CHURCH.

NOTHING in the Gospel is plainer than that Jesus wants the toiling masses in the church, and nothing in our day is more evident than their absence from it, especially from the city church. A distinguished clergyman, after making a careful and extended investigation among the manufacturing cities of the east, gives it as his conclusion that "church neglect among the poorer classes is rapidly increasing." Canon Farrar, referring to the church of England in his own country, declared several years ago that "not three per cent of the working classes, who represent the great mass of the people, are regular or even occasional communicants."

It was reading of this kind, together with my own observation, that led me to prepare these addresses. I wanted to learn not only from writers upon social questions but from workingmen themselves. Information at first

hand from those most immediately concerned was what I desired. It seemed to me it would be instructive and tend to a better understanding all round to ask them to state their side of the case and to commit to writing their special grievances and criticisms.

Accordingly the following letter was addressed to the president of each of a number of labor organizations:

"My Dear Sir: Convinced that there is a wide, and I fear a growing gap between workingmen and the church, and desiring to find out the cause thereof, I earnestly and very respectfully ask you to assist me. I propose to deliver a series of addresses in the near future on the church in its relation to the masses, and, so far as possible, I want to get at the reason for the separation between them. Why do they stand apart? Will you kindly help me by answering the following questions:

1. What proportion of mechanics and laboring men of all sorts, according to your observation, habitually stay away from church?

2. Are those who stay away hostile to the church or simply indifferent?

3. If hostile, why? If indifferent, why?

4. What is the chief fault which workingmen have to find with the church?

To these inquiries I received a large number of replies, both official and unofficial. Most of the answers were respectful, all of them were earnest, and in some of them I was soundly lectured, notably so in a few anonymous communications. My mail greatly increased. The replies that came from various labor unions were instructive, and some of them very thoughtful.

In these letters, along certain main lines, I found remarkable and very suggestive agreement. For example, without exception, the writers gave it as their opinion that from two-thirds to three-fourths of the workingmen of all classes habitually stay away from church. From all I am able to see and learn I should say that this is a very conservative estimate. Now, if it is, then we have two-thirds of our population furnishing only one-third of those who are brought directly under church influence. Is not this something for Christian people to consider?

In reply to the second question: "Are those who stay away hostile to the church or simply

indifferent?" most of the writers agreed that about "half are hostile and half are indifferent."

It was, however, in answering the last question: "What is the chief fault which workingmen have to find with the church?" that they were most full and explicit. To begin with they found fault with the doctrines of the church. Said the Federated Labor Union: "The church teaches as a divine law that labor is a curse; that we must be content to suffer under that curse because an all-wise and loving Father placed it upon us;" and it affirmed that the logical outcome of this doctrine is the degradation of the laborer. This will be news to those who may rightfully claim to have a good degree of knowledge of Christian history. I have been in the church all my life. I have read its history, and I cannot allow such a statement to pass unchallenged. The church teaches nothing more clearly than that idleness is the great mother of all curses, and labor one of the most fruitful sources of blessing. It is indeed said in the Holy Scriptures, "The ground is cursed for thy sake," and, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," but the church is not to be judged by the letter of cer-

tain texts which have been greatly misconstrued. Let her be judged by her spirit and her deeds.

Her great leaders in every age have come from the ranks of honest toil. Jesus Christ himself was a carpenter. Among the mightiest of her prophets were shepherds, plowmen, and herdsmen; her first apostles were fishermen; Paul was a tent-maker; Luther, her great reformer, was a miner's son, and William Carey, her first great missionary in modern times, was a cobbler. I venture to say that seventy-five per cent of her preachers and leaders to-day were reared among the lowly. It would be strange indeed if the church should regard as a curse that which has furnished her with her best blood and brains through all the centuries.

If the Hebrew Scriptures, as we are told, teach that labor is a curse, why was it the invariable rule among the people trained and molded by those Scriptures that every boy should be required to learn a trade? No matter though born in a nobleman's family, or of royal descent, he had to go to the shop and learn some handicraft. And if the church teaches that labor is a curse, why is it that wherever she goes her influence tends to dig-

nify and elevate labor? I am willing enough to admit that the condition of labor in Christian lands is far from being what it ought to be, but it is high and glorious compared with what it is in lands that are not Christian. So that our friends of the Federated Labor Union, if they care as much for truth and justice as their communication would seem to indicate, ought to recall their statement as to what the church teaches concerning labor.

Again, the church is charged with teaching that her doors are the portals of salvation. Such an accusation could of course only be brought maliciously or by those who are not informed. Jesus Christ is the door; by him if any man enter in he shall be saved. That is the doctrine of evangelical Protestantism on this point.

Once more the church is condemned for teaching that giving alms is charity. I incline to the belief that there is some truth here, and I may touch upon it again. Suffice it to say now that charity is love, and that love can be satisfied with nothing short of self-giving.

Second, in the letters which I received, the workingmen found fault with the church for withholding part of the truth. They affirmed

with a good deal of emphasis that she neglects the second great law of the kingdom: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." In the light of existing facts, I do not see how she can do other than plead guilty to the charge. Taking her all in all there certainly is and has been too much priest and Levite and too little good Samaritan in her work.

The third item in the indictment was that she is allied with those who have money and is subservient to them. The president of the "Lumbermen and Longshoremen's Union" wrote as follows: "The church always upholds those who can give money and social power, and will not tolerate its teachers when they inquire closely as to how this money and power came into the hands that gave it. The church winks at commercial robbery and tells the robber he will be all right if he gives a portion of his plunder to the Lord." Perhaps there is a grain of truth even there. It would be strange if the church were wholly free from the mammonism of the age, but I question the statement that the church will not tolerate its teachers for seeking and declaring the whole truth. So far as my observation goes she honors and promotes the men who dare to speak

out. I have heard many of the ablest ministers in the country, and I never heard plainer or more pointed words than they uttered. As a class the heralds of the cross are not cowards, and their lips are not sealed by any amount of money in the pews.

The fourth charge was social exclusiveness. The writers found fault with the church for upholding "caste and class." In this they were all agreed. Now there certainly is ground for such a charge in many churches. Dr. Strong puts it forcibly when he says that there are some in our churches "under the impression that 'our sort of folks' would pretty nearly exhaust the list of the elect; they are willing that the masses should be saved, but not in their church or by their instrumentality." We may as well admit that there are those in our congregations who have the faith of our Lord Jesus with respect to persons.

The fifth charge was indifference to the workingmen. This is abundantly shown, they tell us, in the ways already pointed out. The president of one labor union, the P. and D. of A. (I do not know what these letters stand for), made the astounding assertion that the church proves her indifference to workingmen

by sending money to foreign missions. Let me say to him and to all others who may be like-minded that for every dollar contributed to foreign missions ten dollars comes back to enrich the land at home. I give you an instance. It cost the American Board fifty years of missionary work and $1,500,000 to evangelize the Hawaiian Islands, whereas in that length of time America has received from Hawaii about $6,000,000 a year in trade. Just as soon as the heathen are Christianized they want the products of Christian civilization, and it ought not to require very much keenness to see how this blesses labor. I must say, however, that beyond question the charge of indifference to the workingmen is in a measure sustained by hard fact.

The last charge was inconsistency. I was told again and again, and with a good deal of bitterness in some letters, that church members do not practice what they profess; that many of them are hypocrites and scoundrels. One writer declared that he would rather deal with a saloonkeeper than a church member. While this charge of inconsistency is greatly overworked and the inferences drawn from it mostly unwarrantable, yet I shall not attempt to

deny it. In the face of what so often thrusts itself upon my attention I cannot. It fills me with sorrow and humiliation to look upon some around me who bear the Christian name. It would be a comfort not to know that they profess to be Christians.

But I would not dare to have my own life judged by the standard of perfect consistency. I am too conscious of sin and failure every day of my life for that. When I think of Christ and think of myself I am sometimes almost in despair. The distance between us in point of perfectness of character is vastly greater than that between the first streak of the dawn and the full splendor of noon. But I encourage myself with the thought that the dawn is on the way to the meridian glory, and so, I am sure, do my Christian brethren.

Yes, fellow-men, there is counterfeit coin in the church. We admit it with sadness, but the critics of the church ought to know that a counterfeit is always a copy of that which is genuine and therefore an infallible proof that the genuine exists. They do not condemn all money because they sometimes get a spurious dollar. They are not foolish enough to form their estimate of money from the bogus coin

which some sharper palms off upon them. A man would be crazy to repudiate the currency of the United States because he was taken in by some smart imposter. Wise men, honest men, just men, form their judgments from the good and not from the bad. There are pure and genuine men and women in every church, at the center what they are on the surface, exemplary in life, true as steel, faithful as the stars, the very salt of the earth, and their number is larger than we think. Look at the church through them. Judge the tree, not by its rotten specimens and its windfalls, but by the apples that are sound.

As a matter of fact we find in the church and in everything else just what we have a taste for finding. On the same landscape the crow finds carrion, the hog finds mire, the bee finds honey, and the duck finds water. Instinct leads them to that which is most in agreement with their own nature. It is so among men. The impure editor of an impure newspaper scents most readily any trial, or scandal, or town gossip that promises a large amount of moral filth. He gloats over it as a vulture does over a dead ass in the mountains. The first thing the old sot sees when he comes to the city

is the saloon. What we see most easily is a revelation of what we are. It is a reflection of what is back in the soul. The libertine sees nothing but easy virtue in the world. The critic sees nothing but imperfection, the rogue nothing but dishonesty, the hypocrite nothing but unreality, and the prejudiced man sees everything twisted. Hence I am always a little suspicious of the people who so readily detect nothing but inconsistency in the church. Christ always saw what was best in men; he saw it even among Pharisees and church members, and therefore proved himself to be the world's great Best One.

In all the letters received from workingmen it is only just to say that I found not a syllable against Christ or his gospel. Their grievance was against the church. They had no fault to find with Christianity, so far as I could discover, but only with "Churchianity," as it has been called. It was implied that if the church was only true to Jesus and his teachings there would be no separation between her and the masses. They distinguished sometimes very sharply between the institutionalisms that have been built up around the truth and the truth itself, and the church needs to make the dis-

tinction also. She is great enough not only to bear criticism, but she should take it thankfully. For her own sake and the Master's sake and humanity's sake, she should be willing to learn from the humblest man that digs by the wayside, and I believe she is. These strictures and criticisms of the workingmen, though far too sweeping in many cases and in some altogether groundless, can only do her good. If the church is truly sincere she will be grateful for having her faults pointed out.

The communications referred to have convinced me that what is needed on both sides is enlargement. I have read that one day Michael Angelo entered the studio of his great pupil Raphael, and, seeing an unfinished sketch upon the easel, he wrote across it the simple word "Amplius"—Larger! This was the turning point in Raphael's life. He needed a larger canvas and a larger ideal. His work was too narrow, his vision too cramped, his field too small. The time had come for enlargement. And this is what is needed in the question which we are considering. Workingmen need a larger acquaintance with the church. She is misjudged and misconstrued and sometimes maligned for lack of knowledge. Many of

them never could have written me as they did if they had been at all familiar with her inner life. One writer, for example, found fault with the church "because not more than five per cent of the sermons preached have to do directly with practical matters." Another complained that workingmen "have listened to sermons that condemn a man for being poor and praise the rich." Another was grieved because "ministers preach on the story of Lazarus and the rich man," and leave the impression that "all that is necessary to get into heaven is to be poor, and most workingmen are poor." Where these writers have lived and what preachers they have heard I do not know, but one thing is certain, that men who can deliberately write after this fashion are very much in need of information. That the church has her faults and a great many of them is a fact which I shall attempt neither to palliate nor deny. He is no friend of Zion who seeks to cover up her sins and to conceal her shortcomings. But workingmen see the worst side of her. They see her through her members when they are at their lowest, out in the marts of trade and in the awful grind of competition. Their point of contact with the church is almost entirely in

business, when her blood is coldest and the tides of her piety have receded to low-water mark. They meet her members and have dealings with them when engrossed in the grapple with the world. No wonder their impressions are unfavorable.

I am not excusing these members. No doubt they ought to be better. But it is neither fair nor just to draw inferences from what you see of people under the most untoward circumstances. There is a vast deal of good in the church, a vast deal of unselfishness, an immense amount of genuine love, which workingmen do not see because they do not come in contact with her at the best times and places. Hence, I say, they need a larger acquaintance with the church, a broader knowledge of her spirit, her aims and her activities.

On the other hand the church needs a larger knowledge of workingmen. She is far too ignorant of their condition and the grievances under which they smart. She needs more information as to their hardships and sorrows, and until she gets it her interest in their welfare will be far below what is required by the gospel of Christ. She needs larger aggressiveness. It is not enough for her to throw open

her doors and say, "Come," to write, "All welcome," on the bulletin board, to scatter printed invitations to attend her services, to have attractive music and pleasant surroundings and courteous ushers. These are good, but they fall far short of measuring up to what is required. The great Saviour of men did not say from the battlements of glory: "The gates are open, the feast is ready, paradise awaits you, a cordial invitation is extended, come if you want to." Nay, he went out, out from the Father's house, out through the night and the storm, out through shame and sorrow and agony, out over the wild mountains after the straying ones.

"None of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless and ready to die."

It was the cry that brought him. His heart was bursting with love. Its pressure was so intense, its sympathy so consuming, that he went out and never stopped until he laid down his life for his wandering sheep.

And to-day and every day he says to his

church, "Go out—out into the highways and hedges, into the streets and lanes of the city, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." He wants it filled, and he tells us how to do it. "Go out"—that is the simple programme. Oh, if we would only go out from the old grooves and the familiar stereotyped order of things and manifest a Christlike aggressiveness a new day would soon dawn for Israel. *Out* as far as the prodigal has wandered, *out* with a persistency that never wearies, *out* after the lost sheep *until we find it.*

This suggests finally that the church needs a larger spirit of self-giving, which is the very essence of the Gospel. Christ does not ask for our money, he does not ask for our services, he does not ask us to give alms or clothing, but to give our very selves. This is what he did, and it includes everything else. "What we want," said the writer of one letter, "is that Christians should come down and love us." What an appeal! The whole story, the whole secret, is there. These masses do not want to be patronized, they want to be loved. They are dying for sympathy. They want not yours, but you. They want the touch of a brotherly hand, and along this road stands the cross.

O men and women, to this larger self-giving Christ is calling us to-day; calling by the pressing and mighty needs of the hour, by the yawning gap that separates the masses from his church and by the peril which this signifies; calling us by his own example, by his pierced hands and feet, by the sorrows that broke his heart, by all the pleading eloquence of his cross, he is calling us to let go of self and make his mission our mission. And by the same token he is calling you who have never named his name. Heed the call, obey the summons, accept his salvation. Hear the voice that breaks over the tumult of time, sweet as the music of heaven and tender as the heart of God: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

III.

WORKINGMEN AND CHRIST.

THE world owes an infinite debt to many a man who was reared in obscurity. Giants in moral and intellectual power have come forth from humble dwellings of the poor. Those who have climbed Time's ladder highest began on the lowest round. Renown the most fadeless and enduring may rest on a very lowly pedestal. The families from which the leaders and saviours of mankind emerge do not belong to society's four hundred. The mightiest streams have their origin far away amid the quiet loneliness of unfrequented hills. How many sons of nameless sires have struggled up into the sunlight of imperishable glory? Out from unknown hiding places have come men who have changed the courses of history. This little beam of hope I would dart into the breast of any young workingman who may think that there is no chance for him. Men who mount up do not waste time and energy in bewailing

the hardships of their condition. They climb in all sorts of weather. Every day they put a little something beneath their feet, and

> "Build the ladder by which they rise
> From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
> And mount to the summit round by round."

Here, too, is encouragement for parents who imagine that they are too obscure and insignificant to be of any special use in the progress of society. Civilization can never cancel its obligation to the hands that have rocked lowly cradles; and unheard-of fathers and mothers hold a heavy account against the world. Well has it been said that "No statesman can afford to omit the common people from his calculation. They are the very root and core of society. Kings are only the blossomings of the national tree. The roof is more dependent upon the foundation than the foundation upon the roof. Nearly all, if not quite all, the movements that have changed the thinking and determined the new courses of the world, have been upward, not downward. The great revolutionists have generally been cradeled in mangers, and gone through rough discipline in early life." Strictly in keeping with these facts, the great founder

of Christianity was born and reared in the humblest conceivable way. He grew to manhood in a town so rude and obscure and disreputable that it became a common thing to ask: "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

Christ was a workingman. "Is not this the carpenter's son?" said his fellow-townsmen one day. They were astonished that he whom they had known for many years as an honest, unassuming toiler in the shop of Joseph should have become all at once so mighty in word and deed. "Whence hath this man this wisdom and these mighty deeds?" was the question that sprang to their wondering lips. If he had been trained in their celebrated schools and educated as a rabbi he might perhaps have been accounted for somewhat, but it was beyond belief that the carpenter's son of Nazareth should do and say such things. So instead of admiring and applauding their fellow-townsman they were offended in him, so much so that Jesus, quoting a familiar proverb, said: "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house." But the thing to be especially borne in mind now is that Jesus was a workingman. It is profoundly significant. I

thank God that he was not only a carpenter's son, but a carpenter himself. On the lips of the proud Roman and cultured Greek it was a term of reproach. It called forth many a sneer to be told that the Saviour of mankind toiled as a poor artisan in a rude village shop. But to-day the term is one of glory. We love to think of him at work with plane and saw and such simple tools as his poverty could afford, his hands often blistered and his back often weary. He learned the carpenter's trade when a boy, according to the wise and invariable custom of the old Hebrew people, and we may be sure he was a conscientious and faithful workman. See what it means. That he chose the lot of honest poverty shows how he sympathized with the laboring masses. He entered into the condition of the great majority of mankind and became one of them in the fellowship of common toil. Thus by his example he taught that manhood is something to estimate in itself, and not because of any adventitious circumstances of birth, or rank, or station, or wealth. This thought, Robert Burns, the plowman poet of Scotland, has thrown into verse, with which we are all familiar:

"What though on homely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin gray and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er so poor,
Is king o' men for a' that."

Again, in choosing the lot of a workingman, Jesus put the stamp of divine dignity upon labor. He showed, as Canon Farrar says, that "it is a pure and noble thing; it is the salt of life; it is the girdle of manliness; it saves the body from effeminate languor, and the soul from polluting thoughts." I know how far we have drifted away from the teachings of Jesus in our social judgments and standards. It is too much the fashion to look upon the white and delicate hands of idleness and the speckless attire of the dandy as the marks of the gentleman. A good many parents seem to think it would be degrading, or at any rate hardly genteel, to have their boys engage in some sort of manual toil. They must have something more high-toned and refining, and the result is that the various professions and clerkships and agencies are crowded. There is a foolish and hurtful notion abroad that the lad who works

on the farm or in the shop is socially inferior to the youth who sits on a high stool eight or ten hours a day with a pen over his ear. Perhaps church people have done something to foster this feeling. It is wrong. It is altogether at variance with the example of Jesus and the teachings of the New Testament; and good men and women everywhere should do all in their power to bring about a change of public sentiment in this respect. There is nothing more unworthy, nothing more vulgar, than the idea that a gentleman is one who has the means to put himself beyond the necessity of work. It is really coarse and low-minded. A tramp called upon a kind-hearted lady one day and said: "Madam, won't you please give me a half dollar to save me from something awful?" Her sympathies were touched by the pleading look of the man and she handed him the money. "Now," she said, "won't you tell me what awful thing this will save you from?" And he replied very frankly: "It will save me from doing an honest day's work." The answer was worthy of a tramp.

I know you will sometimes pick up a low-class newspaper in which toil is spoken of as degrading; and in city parks and public places

you will frequently hear glib-tongued talkers speak in a similar strain. But there is no such thing under the sun. There are some degraded men who wear fine clothes and "do nothing for the world but stare at it and suck the sweetness out of it." You will find them around clubs and theatres and gambling halls and saloons—parasites feeding upon what others produce, ulcers and blots and excrescences on the face of society. The men who work, whether they toil with hands or head or both, who do their duty in the sphere in which natural fitness has placed them, and do it earnestly and cheerfully and devotedly—these are your gentlemen, the true nobility of earth. He who shrinks from labor, however humble, is not fit to clasp the horny, toil-worn hand of the Carpenter of Nazareth.

Christ chose workingmen to be his immediate companions and the founders of his church. James and Peter and John were fishermen, the three whom he took into closest intimacy. It was they who were admitted to the glories of the transfiguration and the sorrows and agonies of Gethsemane. He had friends also among the rich and well-to-do. Zaccheus, the publican, became his devoted follower; Mary and

Martha and Lazarus of Bethany were fondly attached to him, and they did not by any means belong to the poorer classes. Their dwelling was a home to him. But to none did he seem to get so near as to the fishermen. It was John, the fisherman, who leaned on his breast and who spoke of himself as "that disciple whom Jesus loved." This man who plied his trade in the waters of Galilee, and whose clothing smelled of the fishing business, and whose speech, like Peter's was no doubt provincial and uneducated—this was the man who was encouraged to lay his head on the throbbing breast of Jesus Christ. It ought to endear the Lord Jesus to the hearts of workingmen forever.

These men of the boat and the net would not have been admitted into the so-called good society of their day. They did not belong to the elité and were not acquainted with the manners and conventionalities of fashionable circles, but they were nevertheless honored above all their contemporaries in that they were called to the apostleship by Jesus Christ, to lay the foundation of his earthly kingdom.

Moreover, Christ confined his labors mostly to workingmen and those in the humbler grades

of life. He preached to them, not in a patronizing sort of a way as though it were a condescension to stoop to their level, but as one of themselves. He drew his illustrations from fields and flocks and fishing boats, from seed-growing and bread-making, and vine-dressing and house-building—things with which workingmen were familiar. He thought and talked a great deal about common things, and saw infinite meanings in them. By showing workingmen that he was acquainted with the coast and bay and all the shore line of humble and practical life they were the more ready to trust him and follow him when he struck out upon the vast ocean of truth. There is a suggestion here for preachers to-day. I am very sure that, if they knew more about the plain and prosy matters which engross the attention and energy of workingmen and used simple and homely illustrations from the shop and the mill and the factory to point the truth they seek to enforce, they would attract more of them to their ministrations. Referring to Edward Irving, the celebrated London preacher some fifty years ago, a skeptical and most incorrigible tanner said to a friend: "He's a great man, yon; he kens about leather." Because the preacher

could talk to him along the line of his own calling he not only enlisted his attention but won him to the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

This was what charmed the masses in the preaching of our Lord. He never soared. He never flung rockets into the clouds. He never strained after effect. He was never metaphysical. He was deep, unfathomable sometimes, but so clear and so earnest that through the waters of his speech men could always see the solemn background of eternity. For this reason the common people heard him gladly. They flocked to his ministry from every part of the country. Shepherds came down from the hills to hear him. Farmers left their fields, gardeners their fruit trees, fishermen their boats and nets, tradesmen their shops, and publicans their custom-houses, to listen to this wonderful carpenter. His figures of speech were so apt, his words so plain, so honest, and so freighted with sympathy, that he entranced common folk and sent them away with longing after a noble life. I should like to have heard their comments when they returned home from one of his matchless talks. How they must have discussed him away into the night and en-

joyed his sharp thrusts at the Scribes and Pharisees, and gone over his parables and stories and great sayings until mighty hopes began to burn within them.

The shepherd, I imagine, would say something like this: "I heard the Galilean preacher to-day. He talked about how the shepherd does when one of his sheep goes astray and gets torn and wounded by the thorns and is left starving in the wilderness. He described how he leaves his flock in the fold and goes out after the lost one until he finds it, and how glad he is when he recovers it, and how he puts the poor bleeding creature upon his shoulder and carries it home rejoicing. Just what I have done myself. It was all so real and true that I thought I saw the whole thing before my eyes. Then there came a great light into his face and he said something about the joy there is in heaven over repenting sinners. I didn't quite get that, but somehow it stirred my soul to the depths, and I am going to hear him again." So every workingman that came to hear him got some sweet and inspiring lesson couched in terms of his own special calling.

But while Christ found his companions and his work mostly among the toiling masses, he

had no railing, bitter words to say against the rich, simply for being rich. He did say, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven." He did warn men against covetousness and selfish hoarding. He did speak of the deceitfulness of riches, how they choke out the good seed that is sown in the heart. But he indulged in no tirade against wealth. He did not inveigh against those who had large possessions. What interested him and enlisted all his powers and engaged all his sympathies was man. He had followers among the rich, he had more among the poor, but he loved them and called them into his kingdom, not because they were either rich or poor, but because they were men.

I refer to this for the reason that in some of the letters which I have received from workingmen it was implied that Jesus condemned wealth and taught that it is incompatible with a place in his kingdom. But let me hasten to remind you that Jesus worked down on the lower ranges of society rather than toward the top. He went where there was the greatest need, down among the wretched and helpless and despairing. Hence it was that he shocked the refined and high-toned circles of the day.

He distinctly announced that he came not to call the clean and the clever and the respectable and the decent, "but sinners to repentance." It was the black sheep in humanity's flock he was after. It was the castaways that excited his compassion. He picked for the worst cases. The deeper a man was down the more interest Christ took in him. He saw what was under the ruins. He saw the magnificent possibilities hidden away in the most shattered and degraded life. And so we find him eating with publicans and sinners, sitting down at the social meal and holding friendly intercourse with them. People who were rejected and thrust out and denied recognition by their fellow-men, became his servants and his friends. Even harlots and prodigals, who had wasted their substance in riotous living and debauchery, blasted and withered by the hot fire of unholy passion, were drawn to him, and by his words and looks and sympathy and love he planted hope once more in their blackened hearts.

He saw the woman in the harlot, the son in the prodigal, the jewel imbedded in the filth, so precious, so beautiful, so divine that he ventured to brave all sneers and all gossip and all opposition to save it. Let me give you an in-

stance. It is loaded with love, and crowded with heaven. It is the story of the woman taken in adultery, a poor, besmirched, bedraggled woman of the town. The Scribes and Pharisees brought her into the presence of Jesus and quoted the law of Moses bearing upon the case, which was that she should be stoned, but "what sayest thou?" they asked. He remained silent for a moment writing something on the ground. Then presently he straightened himself up and said—and I think there must have been the flash of God's own lightning in his eyes when he said it: "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her." Not a stone was cast. They stole out like guilty dogs. Then said Jesus to the adulteress: "Where are thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?" "No man, Lord." And Jesus said unto her: "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."

Oh, fellow-men, it is this voice that affects me and takes hold upon me. See how it goes away down into the regions where no hope is shining and says to the poor harlot and the friendless castaway: "Look up. There is a chance for you. There is salvation for you." The man who is black with the stains of in-

iquity, the man who camps on the edge of hell, the man who slimes his way with the worm—even he may come to this carpenter's son and be saved.

Now there are just two things which I wish to emphasize before leaving the matter with you. The first is the message which comes from all this to the church and to Christian people. If Jesus Christ worked along the lower ranges of society, if he put forth his most earnest and continued efforts among the lowly and fallen and suffering and oppressed masses of humanity, where ought we to work most earnestly? Can we be following in his footsteps if we neglect or refuse to go where he went? The needs are certainly as great and imperative among the masses to-day as when Jesus "ate with publicans and sinners." It is not easy, it is not pleasant. It means sacrifice. It means the cross. But if the toiling millions who work in our shops and factories and on our railways; if the women who are driven to vice by cruel and merciless employers; if the strangers who float about our cities unanchored by any ties of domestic life; if the children on back streets, ragged and pale and pinched with hunger and want; if the countless victims of

the rum curse which Christian votes have clothed with a sort of semi-respectability; if the low-down and poverty-stricken of all sorts —if these are not the lost sheep that Jesus wants Christians to seek and save, what are they? Unless they are wilfully blind to the teaching and example of Christ they must see that duty, nay, that love, bids them do their utmost among the neglected masses. The one passion that burned in his breast until it consumed him was his passion for humanity, and it is the only passion worthy of those who bear his name.

The second thing I wish to emphasize is the message that comes from all this to workingmen. Jesus was a carpenter and lived for thirty years in a carpenter's home. He inaugurated his kingdom by calling fishermen to his aid. He gave undying dignity to labor and ennobled forever the sweat of honest toil. If there is any one class of persons under the sun who should love Christ and rally about his banner and delight to serve him more than another it is workingmen. He voluntarily assumed their condition and tasted their experiences and lived their life, and no voice should be more ready to speak his praises, no

hands more ready to do his will, no feet more ready to run upon his errands than theirs. Every condition of society, every station in life was open to his choice. He might have come as a scholar or as a philosopher and dazzled the world with the splendor of his attainments. He might have appeared as a prince with a bannered army in his train. He might have come with a crown on his head and untold wealth at his command, but he did not. He came into a workingman's home and a workingman's life. He did it too, let it be remembered, at a time when the masses of the people were prostrate in the dust. Philosophy looked upon them with disdain. Justice tipped her balances against them. Law had no arm of protection to throw around them. Society brushed by them with curling lips of scorn. Kindness, if it deigned to look upon them at all, looked timidly askance. Even religion passed by on the other side. In every direction "the multitudes who thronged the highways and thoroughfares of life" were not only neglected, but treated as the refuse and scum of the earth. To Jesus belongs the distinguishing glory of preaching the gospel to the poor. This strange, this other-worldly fact, he adduced as

a proof of his Messianic character. He came to rescue them from their low estate, to give them dignity in the eyes of the world, to plead their cause, to wipe away their tears, and to make them children of the kingdom which he charged the Scribes and Pharisees with shutting against them and leaving them to perish.

Hence, I say, workingmen should love him above all others. They should crowd his courts and make them ring with hallelujahs to the Son of God. They should be the foremost soldiers in his army. They should sit down at his table and "do this in remembrance of him." They should hear and obey the voice of this divine carpenter when he says, "Follow me." "Confess me before men." If the church is corrupt, if it is apostate, let them come in and rescue it for Jesus' sake and show us how to live. No matter about doctrines, no matter about problems in theology, no matter about doubts on certain points. Get right with him and all such matters will take care of themselves. Above all these, as far as the sun is above the fog of the valley, is the Carpenter; and as they think of his compassion, of his sympathy with them, of his fellowship with them in the toil and sweat of the shop, of the

cross on which he died for them, they should say, in the spirit and temper of the poet:

"If Jesus Christ is a man,
And only a man, I say,
That of all mankind I will cleave to Him,
And to Him will cleave alway.

"If Jesus Christ is a God,
And the only God, I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea and the air."

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF

IV.

WORKINGMEN AND HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

THE idea of the brotherhood of man, like all great constructive ideas, has had a hard struggle for recognition. Its earliest manifestation, I suppose, was in the family, and yet in the first family of which we have any knowledge Cain slew his brother Abel. From the family it broadened away until it took in the clan, or tribe, and from the tribe, until it took in the nation. When Moses said, "Sirs, ye are brethren," his thoughts included only the descendants of Abraham. It never occurred to him when he slew the Egyptian that he also was brother to the Hebrew. But Moses lived in the morning of the world. To-day the idea of brotherhood, in theory and sentiment at least, reaches beyond the tribe, beyond the province, beyond the nation, and embraces the whole family of man. As a doctrine it is slowly but surely finding its way into the thoughts and lives of men.

We see evidence of this in the rapid multiplication of fraternal orders, Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Labor, and chapters and lodges without end. These organizations indicate a drift. They show that the spirit of fraternity is coming into men more and more and crystalizing. They indicate that men are groping along toward the realization of the second great law of the kingdom, viz.: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." It is being felt that down beneath all differences of creed and color and nationality there is a common humanity, a common consciousness of sin, and common longings and aspirations after something better. We see this drift, moreover, in great expositions and fairs where the products of human skill from every land and clime are put on exhibition side by side. For this reason alone such enterprises are worthy of encouragement. They indicate a drawing together of the human family, a spirit that is working beneath, a spirt of fraternity that is gradually bringing men into more helpful relations.

A word or two as to the origin of this idea. Here we may not be agreed, but I have no doubt it comes to us largely from the growing

belief in the Fatherhood of God. We get light from the sun and heat from the sun; we get our time from the stars and our rain from the clouds. "Every good and perfect gift cometh down from above." This idea of the brotherhood of man is no exception. We find it in the Bible. We find it in the teachings of Jesus. We find it in the epistles of Paul and Peter and James and John. They got it from Christ, and Christ brought it with him from the bosom of the Father. The diffusion of Christianity and the dissemination of the Holy Scriptures have caused it to take root in every land. It has found its way into literature, into art, into song, into civilization. Men are taking it in unconsciously because of their contact with Christian institutions and Christian forces. Multitudes who do not accept Christianity are nevertheless toned up by it. Their lives strike a higher moral key than they would if they lived where its music did not fall upon them. Men are indebted to the Christian religion for a good many ennobling beliefs, for which it never occurs to them to give it credit. From this source comes their belief in the brotherhood of man, and this springs from the great fundamental doctrine of the Fatherhood of God.

According to this doctrine all mankind are one family, whether they belong to China or California, to Africa or Sweden. It teaches us that every man, however low, or vile, or degraded, is our brother. No matter who he may be or where he may come from, whether a pauper at the gate, or a thief in the prison, or a tramp on the highway, or a tradesman at the bench, or a ruler of a kingdom, he is our brother. This is the theory. This is what we sing about and lecture about with much display of rhetorical fireworks. But it is more than a theory; it is a mighty truth that has come forth from the heart of God and will yet reign among all the sons of men.

But in the second place, it is in the highest degree important that men should have right ideas as to what brotherhood means. What does it involve? We must be careful not to go to extremes. Things must be held in their right balance.

Negatively, then, let me say that brotherhood does not mean equality. There is no such thing in God's universe, so far as we know. There is an inherent inequality in things. There is an inborn inequality in men. They are launched into being with varying capacities and

possibilities. Every man for example, has a capacity for happiness, a capacity for knowledge, but you cannot put as much in a pint measure as you can in a gallon. Both may be full. They may have all they can hold, but they are not equal. It is simply impossible to put a large thinker on an equality with a small thinker. The big brain must stand in the front in this and in every other world. The ablest workman must take precedence. The man with the best head will be the head man. The man who can becomes king. There will always be captains and privates, superiors and subordinates, leaders and followers. There are gradations in heaven. "One star differeth from another star in glory."

God has made it so and we cannot change his decree. Inequality, however, is in every way consistent with the most perfect brotherliness. In volume of being and manhood, in spiritual and intellectual power, Jesus stood immeasurably above his fishermen disciples, and yet he was one of them in fraternal love and helpfulness. You know how all the strength of the household bows down to the aged, worn-out father and mother, or to the little babe in the cradle. The greatest of all is servant of all. So

Jesus Christ, the Prince of the Highest, became our Elder Brother, the Great Servant of the erring, sinning sons of men. But while brotherhood does not mean equality, it does mean *sympathy*—a great word to which we are in the habit of giving a very narrow significance. A friendly wish is not sympathy. A vague interest in another's welfare is not sympathy. To exhaust one's effort for the distressed in framing resolutions and in beautiful talk is not sympathy. To see some poor fellow on the Jericho road, robbed and beaten and half dead, and to say, "I am really sorry for him, I pity him," and then hurry on to Jerusalem, is not sympathy. To pray for the needy and unemployed, and then never think of them again after the "Amen" is said, is not sympathy. A good many actions which we perform and which we feel very proud of, can be called sympathetic only by courtesy.

Sympathy means to share with, to suffer with, to make the pain of my neighbor's life the anguish of my own, to weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice. It means to drink the same cup and walk the same road and climb the same hill. It means to put ourselves in the same place with our

burdened and weary and heart-broken brother man, and feel what he feels. This is what Jesus did. He took our sorrows. He carried our burdens. He felt the sting of our griefs and disappointments. He was touched with a feeling of our infirmities. How often is it said of him, "He had compassion." This is the one word that gathers into itself his entire history.

Go into a piano-house, strike a certain key, and every string of the same pitch of every instrument will catch it up and repeat it. That is sympathy; that is brotherhood. It means that if one portion of the family of man suffers, the whole family suffers. It means that if a wrong is done to the workingman, or if workingmen wrong one another, an injury is inflicted on the whole social body. Brotherhood means a common sympathy between all the parts of society, and that each shall interest itself in the welfare of the other. And brotherhood means that I shall have an interest not only in the mass, but especially in the *man*. It is personal and individual. I must help him. I must give him a hand if he is down. If he has fallen into sin I must not only rescue him, if I can, but do all in my power to remove the cause of his downfall. Brotherhood makes

it imperative for me to strike at the saloon, at gambling, at pernicious literature, and at everything that tends to injure or destroy my fellowman. It means social recognition, friendly helpfulness, the destruction of all exclusiveness. Anyone whose delicacy is so refined and kid-gloved as to fear pollution by coming into sympathetic touch with ordinary humanity; anyone who cannot stand on the same level and hold friendly intercourse with horny-handed toil; any woman who dare not speak to her fallen sister who has sinned against society; anyone who cannot give a real, genuine, wholehearted welcome to the home-coming prodigal; —anyone of this temper and spirit commits sacrilege when he undertakes to pray the Lord's prayer. So long as the expression, "Our Father," stands at the threshold of that prayer no one can use it honestly without recognizing the brotherhood of man, and if he recognizes the brotherhood of man he must recognize the lowest as well as the highest, the poorest as well as the richest. We must be brotherly or we cannot use this prayer of Jesus or any other if we care to have it get beyond the reach of our own ears.

But we must go farther. The idea of broth-

erhood is one that applies to nations as well as individuals. The commonwealth has no more right before God to be selfish than the citizen has. Nations are just as much bound to study and promote one another's interest as individuals are, and they will by and by, but not to-morrow. This, then, is what I may call brotherhood in theory. It is beautiful, it is heavenly, it is just what we should see among men if they were everywhere actuated by the spirit of the gospel.

Now, however, let us descend from the region of theory to the region of practice and look at things as they are. Begin, if you please, with the relations of employers and employed. I am glad to know that there are bright spots here and there where co-operation has been inaugurated and mill-owners and factory-owners make the interests of their working-men and working women identical with their own. They are treated not as hands but as men and women, and are made sharers in the profits of their labor. It is brotherly. It is a hint of what one day will be universal.

But for the most part, as things are at present, the relations betwen capital and labor suggest anything but brotherhood. It is stated

that there are in America to-day 3,145,000 employés at work every Sunday, one out of every ten of our wage-earners, a representative from every sixth family in the land. Some of the work done by them is no doubt necessary, but everybody knows that two-thirds of it might be dispensed with. Greed, avarice, the determination to have money at any cost, keep the workers on the weary treadmill of service seven days out of the week. Thus they are deprived of their necessary rest, deprived of the elevating influences of Sabbath worship and of the opportunity of thinking along higher lines than those of week-day toil. In thousands of instances their noses are kept on the grindstone to increase the wealth of fine people who go to church. It is painful to have to make such a statement, but it is the simple truth. Is such cold-heartedness brotherly? When we read Jacob Riis' description of tenement life in New York city, how parents and children, old and young, sometimes to the number of thirty or forty, are crowded into a single room, utterly without ventilation, living together promiscuously like beasts, ragged and filthy and starving; when we read of the horrors and depravities and streams of crime and

disease that flow from these awful fountains of vice, and are told that many of these places are owned by men who bear the name of Jesus of Nazareth; when we read that during the winter months of a recent year, 21,000 men, women, and children in the city of New York were turned out into the cold because they could not pay their rent; when we read that in the same metropolis sometime ago a great ball was given at Delmonico's costing $50,000, while out on the curbstone there shivered a poor woman with a dead babe in her arms; when we read of the thousands who are compelled to live on starvation wages and are driven to vice and crime to keep them from absolute want; when we read that appalling story of General Booth, "In Darkest England," in which he shows that in multitudes of cases in the great city of London it is better to be a cab horse than a man;—when we read about these things and then recall the fact that they are taking place not only in Christian lands, but under the very shadow of our churches, we can see what a long, long distance there is yet between brotherhood in theory and brotherhood in practice. Take it among workingmen themselves, many of whom complain so bitterly of

the church, and how much of fraternity do you see there? I have seen the walking delegate on his beat watching to see if any man was working in opposition to the will of his union, or for less wages than it demanded. No matter though his wife was sick and his children crying for bread, no matter though his rent was coming due and must be paid under penalty of eviction, no matter though the strongest and tenderest and holiest ties of life called upon him to go to the shop and earn a little something to keep want from the door and his dear ones from the potter's field, he was compelled, forcibly and violently, to quit and leave his family to starve and die. Was it brotherly? And yet something of that kind you may see in connection with almost every strike or lockout amongst workingmen. Is it brotherly love to fix a scale of wages and then fling epithets at a man and denounce him as a "scab," or perhaps lay cruel hands upon him, if, under the pinch of dire necessity, he ventures to work for less?

Look at the bearing of this matter in another direction. We all believe in brotherhood, every man of us. It sounds well. Our conscience says it is right. In our innermost souls

we are sure it is in accord with the will of God. But now listen to me kindly; what do you think of the Chinese Exclusion Act? Put aside prejudice, put aside all race antipathy, put aside all selfish considerations, lift the question up into the pure, broad, atmosphere of human brotherhood, take it up into the region where Christ lives and rules, where his spirit is regnant, and then make answer to your conscience before Almighty God—what do you think of Chinese Exclusion? How does it fit this great and divine principle which we are talking about? While you are thinking over that, let me ask my brethren in the gospel to reflect upon it in another direction.

Brotherhood means co-operation; it means mutual helpfulness. Now, in the light of this principle look at the various religious denominations. Is it not very largely true that "if they should make their creeds correspond with their deeds they would profess their faith, not in the communion of saints, but in the competition of saints?" To co-operate in the mill and in the factory may be all well enough; it may be just the thing, a most beautiful illustration of the principle of brotherhood; but many of our ecclesiastical leaders are slow to accept the idea

in its application to churches; they tell us it is visionary and impracticable, and so our little sectarian rivalries and jealousies and money-wasting schemes go on. If the Christian denominations are so slow, so reluctant to apply the great law of brotherhood in prosecuting the Master's work, need we wonder that it gets such scant recognition in the industrial world? Oh, when will we learn that the way of rivalry is the way to failure and defeat, and that the way of co-operation is the way to victory?

To look once more at this matter of brotherhood in practice, let me say that nothing so much surprises me as to hear people, even Christian people, go into the economics of foreign missions. They tell us that it costs so much to convert the heathen, and if the money were kept at home great things might be done with it. I remember a man who talked in this strain 1900 years ago. When a certain woman, whose heart was bursting with gratitude and love, brought an alabaster box and broke it and poured the ointment on the Saviour's head, until the house was filled with the sweet fragrance, there was a critic looking on who said, "To what purpose is this waste? The ointment might have been sold for three hundred pence

and given to the poor." An overflowing love was nothing to him. This beautiful expression of the heart's gratitude had no charm for Judas Iscariot. When men and women stand and say in effect, "You have love, you have sympathy, you have helpfulness, you have a blessed gospel, but do not break the alabaster box; save it, keep it at home, it will cost too much to send it abroad"—they are imitating a most unholy example. I hold that no sublimer notion ever entered into the hearts of men than that of foreign missions. Its fundamental, its constructive, its inspiring idea is that all men are brethren, and that its field is the world. Let us get away from the spirit of Judas to that of Jesus.

Such, then, in a few of its phases, is how the matter stands to-day. The principle of human brotherhood is still very far from being applied. We like it as a doctrine. We talk and write and sing about it, but to take it down to the plane of practical life and "perform the doing of it," is quite another thing. It cuts too close. It topples over too many of our idols. It strikes too hard at our natural selfishness. It is all right enough to call the beggar across the street, or the heathen across the sea my brother; it

sounds well in public speech and reads well on the printed page; but to actually treat him as my brother—ah! there's the rub. We are all very good in our theories, but most of us break down at the point of application. Theory is fleet-footed and soon reaches the goal, and if we kept up with it most of us would have been ready for heaven long ago. But practice is like a pack mule on a steep and rough mountain road. It is slow and stubborn, and will not bear too much urging. It must have time and plenty of encouragement, and it will get there after a while.

But notwithstanding the fact that there is such a vast distance between the theory and practice of brotherhood, the outlook is full of hope. There are shadows enough, God knows, but still the light is breaking and spreading. If human life is still cheap, it is worth immensely more than it was two or three generations ago. When we look ahead the distance to the goal seems yet very long; when we look back we wonder that we have come so far. At the beginning of this century in England if a man attempted to kill a rabbit he could be put to death according to the law of the land. Eighty years ago a man sold his wife at public auction

in a certain English town for two and sixpence. At the beginning of this century the law recognized, we are told, two hundred and twenty-three offenses, for which death was the punishment. Within the memory of many still living slavery was prevalent in every civilized land.

When we recall these facts we can see that the world is improving, things are getting better, the spirit of brotherhood is working. It is coming down out of the region of theory and sentiment and slowly crystallizing; too slowly, some of us think, and we are inclined to cry, "Oh, Lord, how long, how long!" But let us cheer ourselves with the thought that the drift is upward, and instead of murmuring and repining and complaining, do what we can to make it more rapid. If we really believe that a pure, true-hearted shop girl, who takes care of herself and the old mother at home, is more respectable and worthy of our friendship and admiration than the frivolous, flippant, giggling flirt who does nothing for herself or anybody else, unless it be the dressmaker and milliner, let us show it in both word and act. If we believe that an honest carpenter is better than a dishonest bank president, or a faithful and conscientious blacksmith better than a smooth,

slick, swindling stock-gambler, let us speak it out. Let us begin the practice of brotherhood in our own neighborhood and set things right as far as we can under our own little patch of sky. In the meantime, whether we do our duty or not, the idea of brotherhood is gathering volume and force with the years. The wise men of the world are talking about it with constantly increasing seriousness. They have seen its star and are looking forward with bright anticipations. It has inspired some of the best productions of literature. Latter-day poets have sung about it in numbers that thrill and inspire. Robert Burns cast his eye forward and sang:

"For a' that and a' that,
It s coming yet for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er.
Shall brothers be for a' that."

And Tennyson, looking into the future, swept his lyre as follows:

"For I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that should be:
. . . . . .

Till the war drum throbbed no longer and the battle flags were furled,
In the Parliament of men, the Federation of the world."

This good time will come, but only by the preaching and practice of our Saviour's words: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." Everything else will fail. Everything lacks leverage enough to lift men up to the plane of brotherhood; but love never faileth. I thank God that in spite of the shadows that still hang over the earth, in spite of wrongs and cruelties and oppressions,

"The days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing."

V.

WORKINGMEN AND PERSONAL CONTACT.

WE ought to know each other better. Ignorance is the mother of a vast deal of prejudice and jealousy. Church people form wrong impressions of those who do not go to church, and those who do not go to church form wrong impressions of church people, because they are strangers to each other. What we need is a better and broader mutual acquaintance.

There is an old legend of a general who one time found his troops disheartened. He believed it was owing to the fact that they did not realize how close they were to other divisions of the same army on account of a dense growth of small trees and shrubbery. Orders, therefore, were given to "burn the brushwood." It was done, and they saw that they were not isolated, as they had supposed, but were part of one great company. The result was that their courage revived and they went forward

in triumph. So nothing is more needed to-day than to burn the brushwood between the workingmen and the church—the brushwood of prejudice and mistrust and separation. They have far more in common than they think. Vast multitudes of them belong to the same army and are under the same great captain. But they stand apart because of the brushwood of caste and class and social distinctions, on one side, and jealousy and over-sensitiveness, on the other. Let it be burned away in the glow of united song and in the enthusiasm of common worship, and new hope and courage will come into the hearts of all concerned.

"But Jesus took him by the hand and lifted him up, and he arose." The great problem of problems is evermore the saving of men, how to deliver them from sin, from the bondage of the flesh, and bring them into right relations with themselves and with God. To know the how I believe we must go back to Jesus of Nazareth.

How did Christ save men? "He took him by the hand and lifted him up, and he arose." One day there came a leper, a poor miserable wreck and outcast, and said, "Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean." And Jesus

put forth his hand and touched him, saying, "I will: be thou clean." When he came into Peter's house and found his mother-in-law sick with a fever, "he touched her hand, and the fever left her." In answer to the prayer of the blind men who cried, "Thou son of David, have mercy on us," he "touched their eyes, saying, according to your faith be it unto you." Meeting a funeral procession one day he touched the bier and gave a mother back her son.

He healed and saved by personal contact, not by proxy. He did not stay in heaven and send a committee to attend to the work of redemption. It does not require a very large stretch of fancy, as Dr. Parkhurst suggests, to imagine some of the angels who were not in the salvation business venturing to remonstrate with him for resolving to bring himself into contact with a world over which the serpent had so long dragged his slimy way, and suggesting that he send a deputation down to see what could be done and report progress. But he didn't do it. He came himself and brought his holy nature into the closest possible touch with a sin-reeking humanity.

He reached after individuals. The story of

his life is full of this fact. Some of his most fruitful and wonderful talks were made to an audience of one. Recall the case of the woman at the well, and of Nicodemus by night. So the early disciples copied him very closely. It was man to man with them, individual going after individual. Hence their remarkable success. They used the buttonhole power, and nothing wins like that in any campaign, whether political or religious.

If a man wanted to fill a thousand bottles with water he would hardly stand off at a long distance with the hose and sprinkle it over them. He would take one bottle at a time by the neck and fill it, and then the next, and so on till the work was done. The great difficulty with us in our church work is that we are playing the hose upon the bottles from afar. The space between them and us is so great that we cannot even see whether the stoppers are out. It is a great waste of water and force.

The church must imitate the Lord's example or fail. We may hold conventions and talk and theorize about how to reach the masses and save them just as long and learnedly as we please, but until we adopt the simple, sensible,

plan of Him of Galilee it will all end in speech-making and religious smoke.

There must, of course, be organization. A certain amount of machinery is indispensable. All life, of whatever sort, manifests itself through some kind of organism. Only dead things stand apart without organic structure. But organization, nevertheless, becomes a curse when it is allowed to take the place of personal sympathy and direct contact, as it often does. The temptation here is strong and subtle.

It is so much easier to manifest a little concern through the machine than to go yourself. Hence we touch the masses somewhat gingerly through the machine. We do salvation by committees. There is very little hand-to-hand, face-to-face, personal work. The unit is lost sight of. We think of the city, but not of a single household. We think of the multitude, but not of the individual man. Some blunt-spoken infidel charges us with indifference to souls, and we point him to our fine churches and our splendid organizations and movements. But we need to be careful. There is no better place in all the world to shelve responsibility and hoodwink conscience and freeze up the

streams of spiritual life than to bury ourselves in some church society. Interest in an institution, though it were the best the sun ever shone upon, cannot absolve us from the sin of neglecting the individual. There are hundreds of thousands of church members who have never made any direct, personal effort to lead a soul to Christ. They have buttonholed men and asked them to vote this or that ticket. They have buttonholed them in the interests of some entertainment or building enterprise, but never with a view of bringing them into the kingdom. When it comes to the supremely important matter of reaching men for God they are willing to work through the contribution box, or through some agent or society, but not to personally take men by the hand and lift them up. What they give or do through the machine is made a substitute for individual service. There runs a story to the effect that Pope Innocent IV was one time counting over a large sum of money which had come to him in coin. While thus ingaged St. Thomas Aquinas was ushered in. "You see," said the Pope, "that the church can no longer say with St. Peter, 'Silver and gold have I none.'" To which the other replied: "Neither can she any

longer say with him, 'In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk.'" It is the personal touch that lays hold of men and lifts them up, and this power the church is losing by too much reliance upon organization.

Hence she needs to imitate the Lord's example for her own sake. If many of her members are weak, if their faith has no roots, if the Bible is a dull book to them, if they walk so far over on the world's territory that they have become thoroughly acclimated, if they tone down the gospel and take all the meaning out of the precepts of Jesus to suit their own living, it is just because they are personally inactive in Christian work. All their concern for the progress of Christ's kingdom, if they happen to have any, is manifested vicariously through some hired servant or some society, and so they pine away in spiritual poverty and invalidism. If I am suffering with indigestion and dyspepsia and dropping into a premature grave for lack of physical exercise it will do me no good to hire an athlete to do it for me. He may be very clever, but I must exercise for myself or pay the penalty. It is not otherwise in the Christian church. I cannot live as a Christian without spiritual activity, and no one

can perform my spiritual activities for me. Hence, I say, the church must take men by the hand, through her membership, and lift them up to save herself.

We talk about reaching the people and indulge in much speechmaking over the problems involved. But there really is no problem about it. It is the simplest thing in the world. Make our churches warm, make them sunny with brotherliness, and good-will, fill them with the tender and loving compassionate spirit of Jesus of Nazareth from pulpit to vestibule, banish all stiffness and iciness from them, let welcome to the stranger, to the poor and weary and burdened, be written in every face and shine in every eye, and the masses will come. Men who are shivering in the north wind do not need to be coaxed to a fire, and I hold that a truly warm-hearted, big-souled church will never lack all the people its four walls will accommodate. Only let the warmth be genuine, let it be honest, and not put on for the occasion, as we put on our Sunday clothes, and they will come and go away with new hope stirring in their breasts and new music singing in their souls.

You have read, I suppose, about the man

who was robbed one day on the Jericho road and beaten and left to die by the way side, and how he was rescued by a good Samaritan. Let us follow him in imagination up to Jerusalem. Arriving there he tells his family about it. He tells them about the cold and cruel neglect of the priest and Levite who passed by on the other side, and about the big-hearted man who finally came along and picked him up and took him to an inn and paid his bills and did everything to help him. The Sabbath comes and they get ready for church. They enter the temple and see a man in splendid robes and jewels who is evidently going to officiate. The man who was robbed says to his family, "That is the priest who saw me bleeding and dying and passed by on the other side. I cannot worship here, let us go." They pass out into the outer court and see another dressed in temple robes. Drawing near the father remarks, "That is the Levite who saw me suffering on the Jericho road and never raised a hand to help me. We can't stay here." Then his wife and children say, "Come, let us find the Good Samaritan's church. Where does he worship?" And the father answers, "Very likely he worships in some cave, or dark and dismal place where the

seats are hard and everything unattractive. The Samaritans, you know, are low-down people. The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." They reply, "No matter, no matter, that man has a heart. He took you by the hand and lifted you up. Let us find the Good Samaritan's church."

Fellow-men, that is the church the people will find. That is the church whose courts will be thronged, and that is the church that is going to live and grow and triumph. If our churches are to stand and reach the people and commend themselves to God, their members must be good Samaritans and put forth their hands to rescue men and women and save the lost, not by doing away with committees and societies, but by more personal contact.

It is the church that goes down among the people that finds Christ. In this connection there come to me the following lines, which express a thought that will bear pondering:

"The parish priest of Austerity
Climbed up in a high church steeple
To be nearer God,
So that he might hand his word down
To his people:

And in sermon script
He daily wrote
What he thought was sent from heaven.
And he dropt this down
On his people's heads
Two times one day in seven.
In his age God said,
'Come down and die.'
And he called from out the steeple,
'Where art thou, Lord?'
And the Lord replied,
'Down here among my people.'"

And surely if the church needs to imitate the Lord's example to preserve her own life and power she needs to do it for the world's sake. She can save men in no other way. She must do as Jesus did. It never can be done at arm's length.

A story is told of a man who went into the mountains to organize a Sunday school. Going through a clearing he met a rough-looking lad, and, asking him to sit with him on a log, gave the boy a picture and said, "We are going to have a nice Sunday school, and we want all the boys to be in it; you'll come and join us to-night, won't you?"

"No," said the boy. Then the missionary took out a picture paper, and putting his arm

tenderly around the boy and telling him about the picture papers and books which were to be had at the Sunday school, said confidingly: "You'll come and get some of these papers and books, won't you?" "No," blurted out the boy. But the missionary could sing sweetly; he would try music. So he sang some verses of a beautiful hymn, and then said: "We are going to have such singing as that in the Sunday school; won't you come and hear it and learn to sing for yourself?" "No, I will not," said the boy. The man thought he was beaten. He arose to go. "Say," called out the boy, "are you going to be there?" "Yes, I'll be there," said the missionary. "Then I'll come," responded the boy. It was not the pictures, it was not the books, it was not the music, it was the man who did it. By taking the boy by the hand and throwing an arm around him he won his heart and started him on a better life.

And "men are only boys grown tall." They cannot be reached by church services and institutionalisms. These are helps, and oftentimes efficient helps, but unless they are followed up by the touch of personal love and brotherliness they will fail. "Pure religion and undefiled" before God and the Father is something more

than going to church and paying pew rents and supporting societies; it is to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world. Go among them. The struggling, suffering sons and daughters of men do not want ours, but us. A broken heart cannot be healed with a check-book. A soup ticket will not take the place of sympathy. Alms are no substitute for a friend. A board of charity or a benevolent association cannot stand in lieu of personal compassion. Those who are down want to see and feel the hand of charity. A little love, a little brotherly, sisterly interest, a little actual contact, that is what the people want. Nothing else can win them to the church and keep them there.

There is not very much uplifting power, not very much that will commend religion, in that kind of charity that never comes within touching distance. Men may be fed and their bodies clothed by proxy; they may be kept from physical destitution by proxy; but proxy cannot sweep the shadows from the soul, or soothe its anguish, or bind up a broken spirit. The poor children of misfortune, the wronged, the oppressed, multitudes of whom are crowded to the wall by cruel and merciless social conditions,

want the magic of a living presence; they want to hear a pitying word, they want to see the tear of companionship on the cheek, they want someone to take them by the hand. This is the way to be Christs to the people. So our Saviour did. "Jesus took him by the hand and lifted him up, and he arose." The tides of infinite love poured through our Lord's hand into the poor man's breast and thrilled him with the rapture of a liberated life, "and he arose."

All around the masses are saying: "Give us your hand. Let us feel the pulse and throb of Christian love." And if we did but do it how many would be saved. Many a young man comes into the city and is ruined because there is no one to take him by the hand. Many a workingman drifts away on the current of sin, many a perplexed soul plunges into the gulf of despair and is lost, because there is no one to take him by the hand. May God make us all more tender, more helpful and sympathetic. Far away yonder by the Nile, when the traveler wants to climb the pyramids, there are Arabs to help him up step by step till he reaches the top and breathes the pure air and has the grand outlook. He never could get up himself. His strength would fail before he got half way

to the top, and he would be in danger of falling back to destruction. But the Arabs take him by the hand and lift him up, and soon he stands in triumph on the summit. So on every side there are those who are struggling up. They need help, or they will never make it. There they are, poor afflicted ones, not able to get up another step, discouraged, despondent, almost despairing. As we have opportunity let us give them a hand.

I am very far from being in the dark in talking on these subjects. If to toil as a carpenter, to hammer at the anvil, to follow the plow, to delve in the mine, to chop wood by the cord, to drive team, to work in the lumber woods, to do all sorts of manual labor—if to toil for years along these lines can teach a man anything, then I know what it is to be a workingman, for I have done all these things. I know the workingman's hardships and struggles and privations. I know that he often has to revolve in a very small world and carry burdens that are crushing. I have come along that road, and know how rough and steep it is sometimes. And when I was in it nothing ever helped me so much as a little sympathy, a little brotherly love. From my own expe-

rience I know that this is what we all want, and especially those of you who are workingmen. Some of you are out of employment and cannot get it. Some of you are fighting hard to keep the wolf from the door. Some of you are perplexed and worn-out. Some of you see no hope in the future, no prospect of bettering your condition, and are discouraged. Some of you are in sorrow over a dear one that has fallen. Some of you are reaping the bitter fruit of your own misdoing.

But whatever may be your trouble, you want sympathy. You thirst for it as the heart panteth after the water-brooks. Even human sympathy is good. It has helped us up many a steep hill, and we thank God for every remembrance of it. But it is not enough. It cannot reach the root of our complaint. What we want—what we must have—is a perfect sympathy, a sympathy that will encompass our whole nature, a sympathy that will pour its balm into every wound of our souls, a sympathy that will go right down into the solitudes of our being, where no footfall of man can ever be heard, and breathe life and hope and sweetness there. We want to be loved by some heart great enough to forgive our sins, touched by

some hand strong enough to lift us up, and encircled by some arm that is tender and mighty. We want some one who will not chide us when we fall, some one who knows the road we have to travel, because he has gone over it himself, some one who has been wounded and has felt the sting of pain and drained the bitter cup. Let us bless God that we have such a one, bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh, our friend, our brother, our Saviour. To this Jesus I invite you everyone. Think of the hands that were blistered, think of the back that ached, think of the side that was opened, think of the brow that wore the thorns—think of the Workingman of Galilee, of his identity with all who toil and suffer, of his sympathy, which can be measured only by the Cross, of his forgiving love, and resolve here and now to let him take you by the hand and lift you up.

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